

DIXON, ELIZABETH (MRS JAMES)
(AT THE PETERSEN HOUSE)

DRAWER 13A

Personal files

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Elizabeth Dixon

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection



More Details Added to Story Of Lincoln Deathbed Vigil

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in an Old Scrap Book—Letter Describes
First Lady's Grief.

(Service of the New York Times.)

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"In a back room over a back building, on a common bedstead covered with an army blanket and a colored woolen coverlid, lay stretched the murdered President, his life blood slowly ebbing away," she wrote.

The letter continued:

"The officers of the government were there, and no lady except Miss Harris, whose dress was spattered with blood, as was Mrs. Lincoln's, who was frantic with grief beside him, calling on him to take her with him, to speak one word to her—but her agonizing appeals were of no avail?"

Supported by Mrs. Dixon, the narrative went on, Mrs. Lincoln

was twice persuaded in the night to leave her husband's side. Returning at 7 o'clock in the morning, "Mrs. Lincoln must have noticed a change, for the moment she looked at him she fainted and fell upon the floor."

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"They then asked her to go into the adjoining room, and in twenty minutes came in and said, 'It is all over.' The President is no more! At 9 o'clock we took her down to that house so changed for her and the doctor said she must go immediately to bed. She refused to go into any of the rooms she had previously occupied, 'not there! Oh not there,' she said—and so we took her to one she had arranged for the President for a summer room to write in.

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"I remained till 11 o'clock (twelve hours from the time I went to her) and then left her a lonely widow, everything

changed for her, since they left it so happily the evening previous. As I started to go downstairs I met the cortege bringing up the remains of the murdered President which were taken into the great state bedroom wrapped in the American flag. 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.' "

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THE COLLECTOR:

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THE COLLECTOR
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LINCOLN'S DEATH

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

A month or so ago a quiet young woman visited my office and desired to sell me a group of letters crudely pasted down in an old album, as was the custom of preserving letters in the latter half of the nineteenth century. They were for the most part unimportant, but, as she was buttoning up her coat and preparing to leave, I saw her tuck a modern envelope under the string of a package she had with her. I had noticed her take it out from between the pages of the album. With some hesitancy, I inquired if the envelope contained any other autograph item in which I might perhaps be interested. She readily removed the envelope from under the string. "I don't think it will have any value to you," said she, "although I found it rather interesting. But I don't think you would want to pay anything for it." "One never can tell." I answered, "What is it about? May I see it?" "It tells about Lincoln the night he died," she said and handed me the envelope. Out of it, I drew two old letter sheets, each folded into the usual three folds, and on the eight pages of which I noted a fine, feathery writing. A monogram "E.L.D." and a thin mourning border distinguished the first page of each sheet. I did not recognize the signature on the last page, "E. L. Dixon," but, turning back to the first page, I read as follows:

Hartford, May 1st, 1865

My dear Louisa,

I received the photographs you were kind enough to send me, and as soon as possible Clemmie will finish one of them for you. We only arrived home on Wednesday quite worn out with fatigue & the exciting scenes we had passed through the previous week—We are always very tired unpacking & getting settled & this year we were in unusual confusion from having had a ceiling torn down. Mr Dixon had everything moved, and was here expecting to receive us but in the midst of the plastering &c was telegraphed to come to Washington on account of the murder of the President. I was strangely associated with Mrs Lincoln that night, for I had not seen her to speak to her, all winter. As I had been in mourning & Bessie & Clemmie each had charge of wards in the Hospital, I had devoted myself to the sick and wounded soldiers in their charge, not visiting at all—Good Friday, I had been at Church in the morning and passed the rest of the day at the Hospital & we all came home very tired & went to bed at half past nine o'clock. Jamie in the army, & a young schoolmate & friend of his staying with us, to take care of us — I had been asleep, when I was awoken by a carriage violently driving up to the door & stopping. The street was so still, every sound could be heard, & the bell rang violently. It was then just eleven o'clock & I heard the colored boy who slept in the basement go to the door and ask who it was. The man answered—"A message from Captain Robert Lincoln for Mrs Dixon." I immediately thought he had come up from the Army, and brought some bad news from Jamie, who was probably sick or wounded & he had sent this carriage for me—I opened the window, my heart standing still, & asked what it was. The man answered "The President is dead, and Captain Robert Lincoln wishes you to come to Mrs Lincoln as quickly as possible"—I thought of course the President had died, suddenly at the White House and knowing my familiarity with sickness & death they had sent for me—so I hastened to dress & summon Jamie's

friend & sent for Mrs Kinney & then we set off. The man said the President was murdered at the theatre & taken to a house opposite in 10th St. so we drove there & found it already guarded by a Regiment of Cavalry. In a back room over a back building on a common bedstead covered with an army blanket and a colored woollen coverlid lay stretched the murdered President his life blood slowly ebbing away. The officers of the Government were there & no lady except Miss Harris whose dress was spattered with blood as was Mrs Lincoln's who was frantic with grief beside him calling on him to take her with him, to speak one word to her—but her agonizing appeals were of no avail! I held her & supported her as well as I could & twice we persuaded her to go into another room. All night long we watched in this way from half past eleven to seven the next morning—At that hour, just as the day was struggling with the dim candles in the room we went in again—Mrs Lincoln must have noticed a change for the moment she looked at him she fainted and fell upon the floor. I caught her in my arms & held her to the window which was open, the rain falling heavily. She again seated herself by the President, kissing him and calling him every endearing name — The surgeons counting every pulsation & noting every breath gradually growing less & less—They then asked her to go into the adjoining room, and in twenty minutes came in & said "It is all over! The President is no more!"—At nine o'clock we took her home to that house so changed for her—and the Dr said she must go immediately to bed. She refused to go into any of the rooms she had previously occupied, "not there! oh not there" she said—and so we took her to one she had arranged for the President for a summer room to write in—I remained till eleven o'clock (twelve hours from the time I went to her) and then left her a lonely widow, *every thing changed* for her, since they left it so happily the evening previous. As I started to go down stairs I met the cortege bringing up the remains of the murdered President which were taken into the great State Bedroom wrapped in the American flag. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

When I went to the house in 10th St. the carriage returned & Mary & Constance came down in it & have watched with Mrs Lincoln, and been with her very frequently since—She is unable to leave her bed and of course cannot immediately leave the White House—It

is thought now that President Johnson was poisoned on the day of the Inauguration and that was the reason of his strange appearance, as nothing of the kind has been learned since, and he appears with great dignity & sense—

Jamie passed safely through the battles having been in six—and won the praise of his Genl. He came up to Washington & was in full uniform, in the funeral procession. Ernest Kinney also was there, on horseback—He was wounded in one of Sheridan's battles, a ball passing through his shoulder. The wound is not dangerous—

I hope Annie has recovered from the catarrhal attack & I would not let her study. Can she take cod liver oil? It is excellent for such complaints. Give our kind remembrances to Mr Wood & love to Annie—With many thanks, your sister very affectionately

E L DIXON

I need hardly say that my visitor, Mrs. Charlotte A. Smith of East Orange, New Jersey, was duly advised of the importance of this letter, and her help was sought in identifying the writer. Upon my request, Mrs. Smith wrote me regarding the provenance of this extraordinary item, apparently the only known woman's eye-witness account of Lincoln's death. I cannot find that Miss Clara Harris, who was in Lincoln's box at the theater, or Mrs. Kinney, who was also on hand later in the evening at the Peterson house, has left any written record of her impressions. They, too, remained throughout the night to give aid and succor to Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Smith's account of how the letter came into her hands follows:

Jan. 26, 1950

Dear Miss Benjamin:

In regard to the letter, written by Elizabeth Dixon to her sister, Mrs. Louisa Wood, May, 1865:

I know that it has never been out of the old scrap book which I brought over to you with the letter, since it was given to my Grandmother by Louisa Wood about the year 1870. Perhaps before that date. They both lived in New York City at that time and shortly afterwards my Grandmother and family moved to West Hoboken, N. J. I have a Teacher's certificate of my Aunt's, dated 1874, Hudson County, State of New Jersey. I am basing the date on that item because I know the book was given to my Grandmother

by Mrs. Wood when she lived in New York City.

Mrs. Dixon was the wife of James Dixon, Senator from Connecticut. I have a letter, written by James Dixon, in which he mentions his wife Elizabeth, also two more letters of Elizabeth Dixon, one written to Louisa from Hartford, Conn. . . .

My Grandmother gave the scrap book to me in 1910, and as far as I am concerned no one has ever seen it or the letters before. . . .

I hope this will give you any additional information you may need. . . .

Most sincerely,

CHARLOTTE A. SMITH

This remarkable Dixon letter, published here for the first time, and on which the price is \$500, poses a few problems. Nowhere can I identify Mrs. Kinney, although she is mentioned on page 532 of Mr. Paul Angle's "The Lincoln Reader." What was her first name? Mrs. Dixon refers in one sentence to sending for Mrs. Kinney. Later she states that the carriage which had taken her to the Peterson house in 10th Street had gone off and returned with "Mary & Constance." Who were these two ladies? One of them, no doubt, was Mrs. Kinney, but who was the other? And which was which? It seems strange that so little is known of the actual women who stood by Mary Lincoln in this tragic hour of her life. If any reader of *THE COLLECTOR* is able to answer my queries, I shall be glad to publish the information in a later issue.

EXHIBIT AT THE MORGAN LIBRARY

Although our printer's deadline has already been reached, we hold the presses to rush off a bit of advice to readers of *THE COLLECTOR* and their friends. It is to urge them to attend the current exhibit entitled "The Letter" at The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, which is open to the public 9:30 to 5, daily except Sundays and holidays, and which is to extend through April 22 of this year.

Ordinarily wild horses will not drag me to any showing of autographs. My entire work day, not to speak of many hours at home, is spent reading and studying old letters. I love them and will never lose my interest in them, but I am not one of those who look for a busman's holiday. Therefore only a very friendly feeling for the Librarian, Mr. "Freddie" Adams, as he is affectionately re-

ferred to among those connected with books and manuscripts, and for Mr. G. K. Boyce, Curator of Manuscripts at the Library, and the other members of the Morgan Library staff got me down for the opening day. Professor Mark Van Doren of Columbia University was the speaker for the occasion and gave a most delightful and stimulating talk on letter-writing in general, with particular emphasis upon the different types of letters and the ends for which they were written. I wish I might quote freely from the notes I took, but there is not space to do so. I shall limit myself to one comment which he made and which is reiterated by Mr. Boyce in his excellent and well-written descriptive leaflet devoted to the exhibit. Those who fear that the typewriter, and the pace of modern life, will do away with the art of letter-writing, a threat which I have invariably denied vigorously, will be reassured by Professor Van Doren's exact words: "Letter-writing will never degenerate."

Mr. Boyce, likewise, in his closing paragraph states: "Some have complained of the decline in the art of correspondence in modern times. To be sure, certain of the functions of the letter have been taken over by the telephone and telegraph. We seldom write notes nowadays to arrange an appointment with a friend in the same city, or to suggest taking a walk this evening—the sort of thing that fills the correspondence of Dickens, for example. Yet, basically, the practice of writing letters has not changed. We await the daily mail quite as hopefully as Horace Walpole and Thomas Jefferson ever did in their day, and it seems likely that letters will continue to be as enthusiastically exchanged in the future. For the letter remains the most satisfactory expression of man's relations with his absent fellows, whether in friendship, in love, or in bitterest enmity."

But these remarks are prefatory. I cannot urge too strongly a visit to this exhibit by all who are in New York or who contemplate coming here in the next few weeks. Not since the Freedom Train have I been thrilled by such a showing of old letters. The taste, thought, entire plan of the exhibit are superb. One is not overwhelmed by too much material. What is shown is splendidly arranged, may be comfortably studied and read in the show cases or in the frames on the wall; the lighting is excellent; and, above all, the descriptive cards accompanying the letters are well worded, in large type, and the quotations are ably chosen with a full and keen

Excerpt from letter to Othniel C. Marsh
by Elizabeth L.C. Dixon, wife of Senator
James Dixon of Connecticut, contained in
the O.C. Marsh Papers, Manuscripts and
Archives Department, Yale University Library.

Washington, D C
April 14, 1866

. . . We were with her [Mrs. Sigourney] during her last illness and death. This day also recalls the murder of President Lincoln. I had been to Church that day (Good Friday) & went to the Hospital, remaining all day & until quite late, so that Bessie & Clemmie were ready to return with me.

We were all very tired & had retired at half past eight. I had fallen asleep & was awoke by a carriage dashing up to the door. I heard a man ask if Senator Dixon lived here & said he had a message from Captain Robert Lincoln for Mrs. Dixon. I knew Capt. Lincoln was in the army & immediately thought of Jamie & that he probably had some bad news for me.

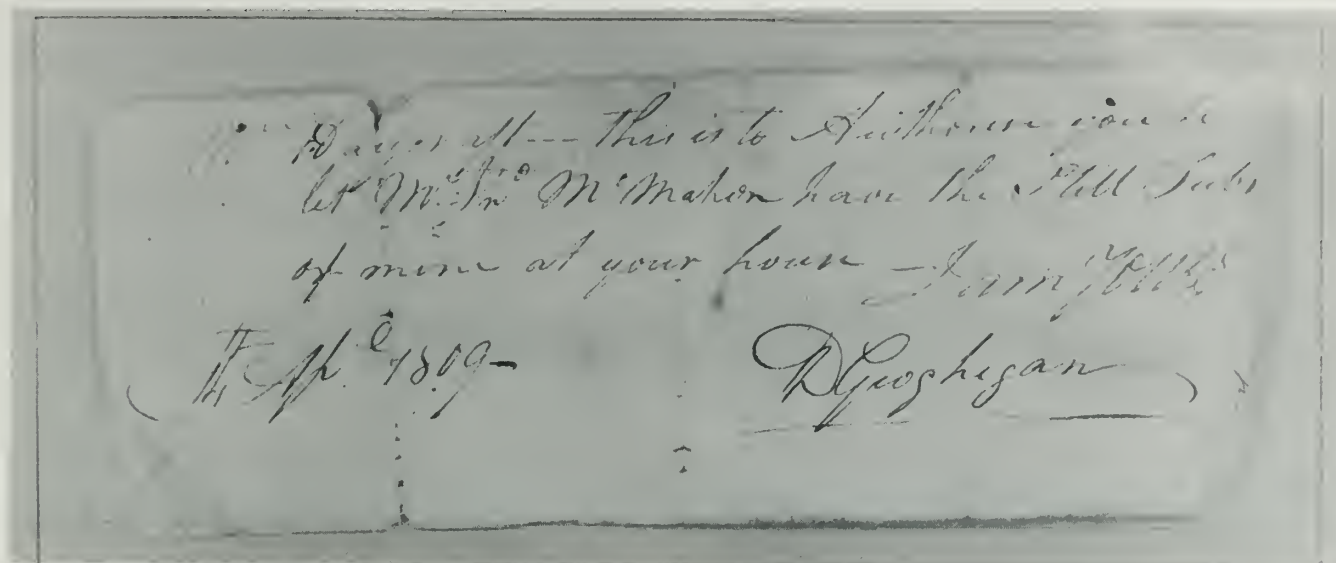
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I thought he had died at the White House suddenly & said: "Certainly I will go, as soon as possible." Mr. Dixon & Harry were in Hartford, Jamie in the Army & we had only a young friend of Jamie's staying here - to take care of us. Mr. Kinney fortunately had recently returned that morning from Richmond, so I sent for him & when I was ready I learned that the President had been murdered at the Theatre & we were to go to the house opposite where he had been taken.

So we proceeded there & I remained with Mrs. Lincoln all night, part of the time beside the murdered President & then we would persuade her to go out for a few moments. I went home with her to the White House. The next morning, a scene of desolation & horror truly.

I have forbidden artists from putting me into the picture representing the death of the President. I was so haunted by it & so nervous, that I did not wish the association perpetuated & thought it would be very unpleasant to see such a picture advertised or on exhibition. The newspaper reporters have a way of putting everything into the papers & I told one of them that I would pay him if he ever saw our names going into the paper, to keep them out.

I regretted not being able to write Mrs. Phelps. . . .



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Denton Geoghegan, from whom Thomas Lincoln had a contract for getting out lumber for a mill, listed for taxation twenty slaves in 1816.

people of similar interest. This led to the formation of the Kentucky State Pomological and Horticultural Society of which Haycraft was the Corresponding Secretary. At their first convention the members met in Elizabethtown on October 12 and 13, 1865. An 18 page pamphlet of the transactions of this first session has been preserved in the collection.

Haycraft is best remembered for his *A History of Elizabethtown, Kentucky And Its Surroundings*, written in 1869. He is also well known to Lincoln students as a correspondent of Abraham Lincoln, having written to the future President six different letters and receiving in return five replies, all before Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. (See *Lincoln Lore* 1530, "Lincoln-Haycraft Correspondence" August 1965).

In the preparation of his history, Haycraft carried on an extensive correspondence with those who might best remember the early historical events of Elizabethtown and Hardin County. A large file of such correspondence, containing biographical sketches of prominent residents, is today available for those students interested in this particular field of Kentucky history. Haycraft also corresponded with Richard H. Collins who wrote and compiled Collins' *History of Kentucky*, which was published in 1878. In a letter to Haycraft dated May 4, 1872, Collins commented on *A History of Elizabethtown, Kentucky* as follows: "I have seldom read more interesting and entertaining matter any where . . . I will of course, give you the credit for what I have condensed from your work — not 100th part in quantity of yours, but all that I can spare room for."

While Haycraft's history is considered a valuable collateral work by most Lincoln collectors, his unpublished notes also reveal some interesting information concerning the Fifteenth President James Buchanan. The Helm-Haycraft collection contains quite a number of pages and fragments of Haycraft's original handwritten manuscript along with his rough notes relative to Elizabethtown history. One such note follows: "Late President Buchanan about the year 1813 or 1814 came to Ky — coming down the Ohio in a flatboat with Major James Crutcher and Thomas S. Crutcher with their goods."

The Crutchers owned and operated a store in Elizabethtown and made frequent trips to Pennsylvania to purchase goods for this store. Young Buchanan came to Kentucky as a lawyer to protect his father's landed interests. Other statements by such historians as Little and Collins corroborate Haycraft in regard to Buchanan's residence in Elizabethtown. It is a most interesting fact that in the year 1813 or 1814 the future Fifteenth and Sixteenth Presidents of the United States resided in Hardin County within fifteen or twenty miles of each other.

Because of the many facets of the Helm-Haycraft Collection a new catalogue is now in process. An effort is being made to catalogue the collection in depth with hundreds of guide cards to the many different types and forms of information in the collection. Due to the large number of papers which mention "Samuel Haycraft," considerable difficulty is sometimes encountered in deciding whether the name refers to Sr. (1752-1823) or Jr. (1795-1878). This is especially true of manuscripts bearing no date. Little difficulty is encountered in determining the signatures. In fact, quite a sizeable quantity of manuscripts bearing no date are found in the collection. These are to be catalogued alphabetically.

The collection is large in bulk, interesting in content and awaiting students and historians who may some day find it a veritable mine of information. Up to date it has only been searched for Thomas Lincoln documents (references) and those of his contemporaries, and the quest has been most rewarding.

Editor's Note: An additional cut pertaining to the Helm-Haycraft Collection appears on page 4. — R.G.M.

"Captain Robert Lincoln has sent the carriage for Mrs. Dixon." April 14, 1865

Editor's Note: The editor is grateful to Miss Judith A. Schiff, Chief Reference Specialist, Manuscripts & Archives, Yale University Library, for bringing Mrs. Dixon's original letter to his attention.

R. G. M.

Historians have had little to say about Mrs. James Dixon who was present at Lincoln's deathbed at the Petersen house following the President's assassination at Ford's Theatre. She was the wife of Senator James Dixon (1814-1873) of Connecticut. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Lord Cogswell and her father was the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Cogswell, a professor in the Connecticut Theological Institute. She married James Dixon in 1840.

The Republican senator and his wife were unusually friendly to the Lincoln administration and even supported the administration of Andrew Johnson to the extent that he voted against the sufficiency of the articles of impeachment and from that date he participated no longer in the councils of the Republican party. He retired from public life in 1869.

However, the reason for Mrs. Dixon's presence at the Petersen house on April 14th, 1865 can be attributed to Robert T. Lincoln, who throughout his mother's lifetime was most solicitous for her welfare. Undoubtedly, Lincoln's eldest son believed Mrs. Dixon would be a comfort to his mother during the tragic event. Whether or not this was the case is unknown. However, every indication is that she was a most sympathetic friend.

Fortunately, a letter has come to light which provides some details concerning Mrs. Dixon's visit to the Petersen house. The letter written in Washington, D.C. on April 14, 1866 is addressed to Othniel C. Marsh by

**COMMISSIONER'S SALE
OF
VALUABLE NEGROES.**

IN obedience to a decree of the Hardin Circuit Court, in the Equity cause of Robert T. Vannoy, Matilda Coe, and Caladous Brown, against John Coe and others, pronounced at July term, 1859, I will, on the

31st day of December, 1859,

At the late residence of John Coe, deceased, now in the occupancy of Robert T. Vannoy, at the forks of Otter Creek, in Hardin County, 12 or 13 miles from Elizabethtown, sell, to the highest bidder, at public auction,

**THREE
LIKELY NEGROES,**

Consisting of two valuable women and one boy.

LUCY, ANN AND PETER,

the latter under 10 years of age.

TERMS OF SALE.

The sale will be on a credit of eight months, the purchaser to give bond with approved security, to bear interest from the day of sale to have the fore and effect of a receipt in bond at maturity, and to be made payable to the undersigned.

October 10th, 1859.
Also, on the same day, a very valuable young negro man, on same credit and at the same place.

SAMUEL HAYCRAFT, Com'r.

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

Hardin County, Kentucky, Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Negroes dated December 31, 1859. This slave broadside (11½" x 15½") is of unusual significance because it relates to slavery in the community where Lincoln was born, fifty years earlier, and Samuel Haycraft, Jr. who conducted the sale was a correspondent of Abraham Lincoln, having written to the future president six different letters and receiving in return five replies all before Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. (*Lincoln Lore* 1530, August, 1965 "Lincoln-Haycraft Correspondence").

Early Lincoln biographers have attempted to prove that slavery was a negligible factor in the community life of Hardin County when the Lincolns resided there. Available records indicate otherwise. In 1811 the tax list for Hardin County shows that there were then 1,007 slaves listed for taxation. This same year, the white male population above sixteen years of age, was 1,627. This would indicate an average of at least two slaves for each family in the county. In 1813 one Hardin County resident alone listed fifty-eight Negroes in his possession.

Elizabeth Dixon. The original letter is a part of the Othniel Charles Marsh papers of the Manuscript and Archives Department of the Yale University Library.

An excerpt from the letter, dated April 14, 1866 from Washington, D.C., follows:

"... We were with her (Mrs. Sigourney) during her last illness and death. This day also recalls the murder of President Lincoln. I had been to Church that day (Good Friday) & went to the Hospital, remaining all day & until quite late, so that Bessie & Clemmie were ready to return with me.

"We were all very tired & had retired at half past eight. I had fallen asleep & was awoke by a carriage dashing up to the door. I heard a man ask if Senator Dixon lived here & said he had a message from Captain Robert Lincoln for Mrs. Dixon. I knew Capt. Lincoln was in the army & immediately thought of Jamie & that he probably had some bad news for me.

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"I thought he had died at the White House suddenly & said: 'Certainly I will go, as soon as possible.' Mr. Dixon & Harry were

in Hartford, Jamie in the Army & we had only a young friend of Jamie's staying here — to take care of us. Mr. Kinney fortunately had recently returned that morning from Richmond, so I sent for him & when I was ready I learned that the President had been murdered at the Theatre & we were to go to the house opposite where he had been taken.

"So we proceeded there & I remained with Mrs. Lincoln all night, part of the time beside the murdered President & then we would persuade her to go out for a few moments. I went home with her to the White House. The next morning, a scene of desolation & horror truly.

"I have forbidden artists from putting me into the picture representing the death of the President. I was so haunted by it & so nervous, that I did not wish the association perpetuated & thought it would be very unpleasant to see such a picture advertised or on exhibition. The newspaper reporters have a way of putting everything into the papers & I told one of them that I would pay him if he ever saw our names going into the paper, to keep them out."

Mrs. Dixon stated in her letter that she had forbidden artists from putting her into pictures representing the death of the President. That statement was undoubtedly true in regard to published pictures in 1866, but she did appear in John B. Bachelder's engraving, which was begun in 1865, along with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, Mrs. Kinney and her daughter, Mary Cogswell Kinney was a sister of Mrs. Dixon, and her daughter Constance was of course Mrs. Dixon's niece.

Bachelder made arrangements with Brady & Co. photographers to make pictures of all those present at the deathbed, shortly after the remains of the President left the city. Apparently, Mrs. Dixon cooperated with the artist and posed in the position she occupied by the deathbed.

Forty-seven people were depicted in the Bachelder engraving. Fortunately, a key was published which allows one to identify Mrs. Dixon with certainty. The engraving was executed by B. H. Hall, Jr., the eminent engraver upon steel.

Next, the design was placed in the hands of Alonzo Chappel, an historical painter. His painting bears the date of 1868. In the key published by Bachelder Mrs. Dixon looks directly toward the dying President which conceals many of the features of her face. However, in the Chappel painting she looks in the direction of Robert T. Lincoln which reveals the important features of her face.

A further indication of Mrs. Dixon's cooperation with Bachelder and Chappel was her willingness to sign a statement as follows: "We the undersigned visited the late President Lincoln at his bedside during his last hours. We have since sat for a likeness to be used expressly in the composition of the Historical Painting of that event, designed by John B. Bachelder and painted by Alonzo Chappel." Mrs. Dixon's signature is written E. L. Dixon.

Why Mrs. Dixon changed her mind about forbidding artists from putting her into a picture representing the death of the President, we will likely never know.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

A section of the Chappel painting "The Last Hours of Lincoln" depicting Mrs. Dixon seated at the left of the kneeling Mrs. Lincoln.

NORTHWEST IOWA VOCATIONAL SCHOOL *ack*

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7/6/70

RALPH BORRESON
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VERN SCHOENEMAN
BUSINESS MANAGER

June 30, 1970

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry
Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. McMurtry:

The May issue of Lincoln Lore called to mind my endeavor to acquire a photo of Mrs. James Dixon. This was futile but later, after When Lincoln Died was published I received this interesting letter from the granddaughter.

I presume you have a copy of Mrs. Dixon's later letter from which I quoted in the book. (Copy enclosed).

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Borreson
Ralph Borreson



you know who owns
letter I wish
mid tell me.

Benjamin could
I can stopped selling
I am my grandmother's
agest heir. It should be in a museum & not owned by
a collector.

143-70 Franklin Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11355

Aug. 29, 1967

Dear Mr. Borreson, Besides, we'd like to have
Xerox copies of it.

A young friend has just brought
me your book "When Lincoln Died"
from our Public Library, a wonderful book.

I want very much a first edition
so if it is not available from the publisher
could you see that I can get one? I will
let you know if I can't get it myself.

My grandmother is the Mrs.
Dixon. Her name should be

E. L. Dixon (L is for Lord, a Conn.
family connection)

The other women besides Miss Harris
(see The Cogswell book & Jideon Welles' diary)
were Mrs. Kinney, her sister, and

Constance Kinney, Mrs. Kinney's daughter
(who had been asked to go to the theater

with the Lincolns but refused because
it was Good Friday. It was not known till the letter *
was found who the fourth woman was.

My grandmother, wife of Sen. James
Dixon, was given a lock of Lincoln's hair
which, with a letter accompanying it, is in the
Connecticut State Museum in Hartford.
My father rode in the funeral procession
and my mother saw it at 34th St. & 6th
Ave., New York & lived on 34th Street. Some

my aunts were younger & had been in chg. of wards in the hospital all day.
I am sure that it was there they were not taken care of at church too.

Southerners lived next door (34th St. west of 7th Avenue where the Penn. St. escalator is, or was) & they sat out on a balcony & had a gay party. The officer in charge of the soldiers told them if they didn't show some sign of mourning ^{on the balcony} & keep quiet, he wouldn't answer for his men — lined up solid along 34th Street. — They hung a dirty black rag on the railing, but they went inside & kept quiet.

My mother was taken, at ten years old, to 6th Avenue & stood up on something by her father, so she saw the hearse pass.

My cousin in Hartford has ^{portraits &} photographs of the women ^{of our family} who went to the house on Tenth Street & I tried to get her to write something for a Lincoln historical organization but she would not, I gather. She said my grandmother considered Mrs. Lincoln one of their friends. I thought she ought to offset the bad things said about Mrs. Lincoln. ^{We are both too young to have much to say.} My father was in the 6th Corps and breveted Captain at the Siege of Petersburg at the age of nineteen. ^{We lived to the severity.} I asked Pres. Johnson to see that I was invited to the Ford Theater opening & he had the Dept. of the Interior write they'd tell me & I hope they haven't forgotten. It is time to remind them but I hope not too late.

Sincerely yours, Mary H. Dixon
 Secretary of the National Lincoln Legion

